

CHARIVARIA.

Chantecler, it is now definitely announced from New York, is to be translated into American. Even the dramatist, according to our information, will not escape, and will figure as Mr. Roosterad.

We understand that Mr. ROOSEVELT has been approached with a view to his accepting the Presidency of Europe in the event of the accomplishment of the Federation of that continent, but, with his well-known common sense, he has not yet given a definite consent.

During his stay in Paris, Mr. ROOSEVELT paid a flying visit to the Louvre, "where," we are told, "he spent a few enraptured minutes before the *Venus of Milo*." This is characteristic of the great hunter's largeness of mind. He can admire not only a strong man armed, but also a weak woman unarmed.

Mr. ROOSEVELT also paid his respects to NAPOLEON. There is, indeed, nothing petty or jealous about the ex-President.

From Constantinople comes the news that His Sublimity the SULTAN has measles, and fears are expressed lest ABDUL HAMID, who is ever on the watch, shall attempt to take advantage of his successor's loss of prestige. There is some talk of rectifying the situation by forcibly giving ABDUL the mumps.

The POPE having visited his displeasure upon the Prince of MONACO for calling upon the King and Queen of ITALY, the PRINCE, it is rumoured, has retaliated by giving strict instructions at Monte Carlo that under no circumstances shall his Holiness ever be allowed inside the Casino.

Sensitive persons in Manchester are said to feel more than hurt that it should have been deemed necessary to offer so large a sum as £10,000 to induce anyone to fly from London to their city.

A conscript named GEORGES GENX. *The Express* tells us, has just been declared unfit for military service in France for the extraordinary reason that he is too fat. He weighs 19 stone. Personally

we should have thought he would have made an excellent regimental pet, or perhaps an emergency earthwork.

We are sorry to hear that Lord ROBERTS has given great offence in certain circles by a speech made at the opening of a rifle range at Hayes, in which he expressed the view that the object of a rifle should be to kill.

The Dublin magistrates have held that

LASCELLES requests the loan of twelve white bullocks, two elephants, twelve coal-black horses, two red bulls, six rams, and six greyhounds. We should have loved to oblige, but unfortunately we have promised all of ours—with the exception of our elephant "Fifine," who is indisposed—to the local cattle show.

A writer in *The Evening Standard* expresses the opinion that the middle classes suffer from an excess of clothing.

A recent decision as to Matinée Hats should do something to remedy this.

It is said M. PÉLISSIER has his eye on Sir CONAN DOYLE'S new play, *Pot of Caviare*, and will shortly have it repotted.

We overheard an interesting conversation between a couple of sparrows last week. "Yes, ten thousand pounds," said the one. "What! just for flying from London to Manchester?" "Fact, I assure you." "Well, I'm jiggered!"

Meanwhile there is some talk in the avine world of offering a handsome prize to the first bird which shall succeed in walking all the way from London to Manchester.

In the printed "Dispositions of His Majesty's Ships," issued by the Admiralty last week, appears for the first time the name of "H.M.S. Biter." This, we take it, is an improved edition of "H.M.S. Bittern."

A masseur recently raised his charges. Asked for a reason, he replied that he had thought it was well known that rubbers had had

a boom and were in great request.

As we go to press it is rumoured that a substitute for rubber has at last been discovered. It was found in a City restaurant, and was served up as a steak.

An advertiser of incubators announces them in *The Daily Telegraph* to be:—"THE BEST IN THE WORLD; WILL LAST A GENERATION."

Which is, of course, an absolute necessity if they are to be of any use at all.



MANY REFORMED BURGLARS COMPLAIN OF THE DIFFICULTY OF GETTING HONEST EMPLOYMENT. THE TUFF SAFE CO. WILL NOT ALLOW A MAN'S PAST TO STAND IN HIS WAY.

a Suffragette who chalked an announcement on the pavement had committed no offence. This method of attracting attention has, we suppose, become necessary owing to so many persons having ignored the writing on the wall.

The fact that the polar bear Barbara could only be induced to enter her new residence by being prodded with a pole proves how thoroughly acclimatised this animal has become. Her great desire now is to be farthest from the pole.

For the final scene in the Pageant of London at the Crystal Palace, Mr. FRANK

FLYING NORTH.

I know, I know that Spring is come; I cannot but remark
The tulips sitting up in bed and smiling in the Park;
I toy with fresh asparagus, I browse on early peas;
I always know when Spring is here by subtle signs like these.

I see the R.A. blooming in its hardy annual dress,
I see the PREMIER taking what he calls his Spring Recess;
I note the Young Man's Fancy—she assumes a livelier tint,
And I attribute this effect to Nature's vernal hint.

I don't include the cuckoo's call, though in the Press I've read
How in between the storms of hail he tolls the winter dead;
I do not hold with liars who allege that they have heard
Whole months ago the bleat of this incorrigible bird.

But there's a larger, loftier fowl that loathes the icy gale,
His spirit being willing, but his constitution frail;
And when I mark a brace of these making the welkin hum
(Hey for the North and Manchester!) I know that Spring
is come.

Such, Mr. DEVEY,* such are they whose visits you would greet
Coldly if they alighted in your garden's chaste retreat;
Whom, if they sought your sheltering roof, through some-
thing going wrong,
You are prepared to welcome with a rudely-pointed prong.

Ah, if my hearth might but receive the god in his machine,
What matter though the chimney-tiles came with him on the
scene!
Could but my pleasance entertain an angel from the blue,
How gladly would I sacrifice a cauliflower or two!

I would not have the law of him for my geranium-pots,
But speed at once to pick him up and salve the wounded
spots;
And I would pour out wine and oil and help to mend his
wings
And get him, while he took a rest, to talk of heavenly things.

Oh, DEVEY, Mr. DEVEY, Sir, I fear your heart is black,
Black as the soot adhering to your stuffy chimney-stack,
Or you'd distinguish (though he fell upon your favourite
shrub)

This kind of fallen angel from a foul Beelzebub. O. S.

* In the midst of the excitement about the flight to Manchester, Mr. H. B. DEVEY had a letter in *The Times* announcing the attitude which he proposes to take up in the matter of aviatory trespass. Fliers who descend upon his trees and shrubs will be sued for damage, and those who attempt to come through his roof will be received on spikes and prongs attached to the chimneys.

"Stop and think for a moment. Many people are all run down, tired out and hardly able to drag about—don't know what ails them. —'s Wine of Cod Liver Extract, the great tissue-builder, is the answer."

"Is life worth living?" Eat —'s rich Cream Toffee and you won't ask."

How morbid the candour of advertisers is getting nowadays.

"The Leader of the Opposition played the part of Clytemnestra in the tragedy which is now unfolding itself. He prophesied nought but evil."—*Daily Chronicle*.

We had heard of Cassandra as a prophetess, but had never had our attention called to Clytemnestra's achievements in this line. Certainly she hinted at the murder of her husband, but then she knew she was going to do it herself.

WHERE IS IT?

(You are invited to guess the scene and occasion of the Dialogue.)

He. We're in very good time. Let's get out here. He'll be an hour getting to the entrance.

She. Right. It's only a few yards.

[They get out of the taxi and walk on.

He. Hurry up. It's crammed already.

She. Just a moment. My hat—

He. Oh, it's always your hat. (To a young man) Bridegroom's side. (To her) Let's go in there. (To various people) So sorry. I beg your pardon. (To her) There we are. Lucky to get such good seats.

She. There's Mrs. Holbeach. Fancy her coming all that way. Oh, and there's Mary Tressider. (Nods and smiles.) I didn't know she knew them—but she never misses anything of the sort. Who's that dark-haired man? No, not that one. The handsome one.

He. Captain Oakley, Gerald's uncle.

She. Gerald's uncle, is he? He doesn't look like an uncle, somehow.

He. What do you expect uncles to look like?

She. Oh, I don't know. Whiskers and turn-down collar and a malacca cane with an ivory handle—something of that sort.

He. I'm a bit of an uncle myself, you know.

She. So you are. How funny.

[She turns round, recognises a lady behind her and begins whispering to her.

He. It's no good your trying to whisper. You can't get within a yard of one another. Tell her she'd much better whisper to me. She could get quite close to me.

She. Don't be silly. She told me the bride's dress was three inches off the ground and only a yard and a quarter round—(Stir and animation. A burst of music.) She's come. . . . How well she looked—a little pale and nervous, but that's natural.

He. Ripping pretty lot of girls. Nice idea that, to send 'em along without hats.

* * * * *
A Voice in the distance. . . . let him speak now or for ever hold his peace. [A pause.

He. Wouldn't it be awful if somebody didn't hold his peace and just chipped in?

She. It has happened.

He. It didn't happen to me.

She. They didn't know you.

* * * * *

He. Ought we to kneel now?

She. No. They're nearly all standing.

He. No. They're all sitting down. [They sit. Music.

* * * * *

She. They're in the vestry now. Isn't it exciting?

He. What, the vestry? Much like any other vestry, I fancy. [A burst of music.

She. They're coming now. Here they are. Ah!

He. Did you see them?

She. Not much. Did you?

He. Just the tip of Gerald's nose. Very handsome and manly I thought it. Let's make a move.

[They squeeze out slowly, and proceed in a taxi to another place.

She. What a crush! Is my hat—

He. Yes, it's as big as ever.

She (to a lady). I congratulate you so much.

He (to the same). My best congratulations. Such a pretty —(he is pressed on). We'll just walk round.

She. I must look at the presents. (To a waiter) Thank you. Just a little piece. (To him) Charles, you must have a piece of the cake.

ROOSEVELT'S STRAIGHT TO TALKS EFFETE CIVILISATIONS



THE WISDOM OF THE WEST.



Little Girl (much shocked). "MOTHER, DO LOOK AT THAT RUDE GENTLEMAN LISTENING TO EVERY WORD THOSE LADIES ARE SAYING."

He. Not for a million. I'll have a glass of fizz, though.
(He has it.) Let's get along to Gerald and shake hands
with them. [They get along and do so.]

She. Now for the presents

He. Where's ours?

She. That's it—the claret jug.

He. We'll go now.

[They go.]

HE AND SHE.

WHERE gloom of laurels flanked the dusky glade
And no rough sound the summer silence jarred,
I saw the wanton where she pierced the shade
With amorous regard.

Bold, brilliant eyes played their familiar part,
But I refused to flinch or turn aside,
And, with a cold pang at my angry heart,
Her insolence defied.

I knew so well for whom she lingered there,
To charm him while he listened—and she lied,
Seeking with soft appeal or brazen air
To move his manly pride;

Discreetly veiling other lawless loves
In artful talk and little tender cries—
Her voice the murmur of the cooing dove,
Her eyes the serpent's eyes.

Awile we gazed, hate answering back to hate;
Then suddenly my wrath took fire and flared;

Her baffled glances proved she knew her fate—
I'd kill her if I dared.

With that the dusk cut off her half-told tale;
I lost the blurred line, tawny gold and white;
It vanished with a long-drawn sibilant wail
Into the summer night.

Swift as a dream she melted into space,
An elemental passion veiled in fur,
A thing of evil, but of wondrous grace,
Soft as a velvet purr;

A homeless stranger, careless of her fame,
Unpedigreed, unfaithful, most untrue;
And he, the owner of a royal name,
My Champion Persian Blue.

"WANTED, new pair of football boots, for a good young Fox-terrier
Dog or cricket suit."—Advt. in "Our Dogs."

On second thoughts we will have the good young cricket
suit, if it includes a coloured belt.

"The new enclosure is a striking contrast to that formerly occupied
by the bears, covering an area of sixty square feet."—Daily Graphic.
Ten feet by six! It seems hardly enough to swing a cat in,
much less a polar bear.

"There were scenes of great enthusiasm when the victorious French-
man landed. . . . M. Paulhan was the coolest man in the crowd."

Evening Standard.
Easily, we should say, after being nearly frozen alive.

SUPPLY AND DEMAND.

HE came down to breakfast one morning to find two letters on his plate. The handwriting on the envelopes being strange to him and the postmarks revealing nothing, he decided, after some minutes' thought, to see if there were any clues to be found inside. Accordingly he picked up the first letter and opened it. It was written from the highly aristocratic address of 99a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W., which fact was naturally a source of some pleasure to him. He was still more gratified and intrigued to discover that the writer was no less a person than Reginald St. John Berkeley. The actual letter, however, was something of a disappointment.

99a, Curzon St., Mayfair, W.

DEAR SIR,—I write to inform you that I am prepared to advance upon your note of hand alone, without any security whatever, sums ranging from £10 to £10,000. Hoping to hear from you shortly,

Yours faithfully,
REGINALD ST. JOHN BERKELEY.

He put the letter on one side and poured himself out a cup of tea. Then he opened the other envelope. This proved to contain a communication from (Mrs.) Matilda Ascot. A little surprised at hearing from her, for he had never been introduced, he proceeded to make himself acquainted with the contents of her letter. She wrote, he was distressed to find, from an unfashionable address in Notting Hill.

23, Spa Road, Notting Hill, W.

DEAR SIR,—You will be surprised at hearing from me, but I can no longer keep silent. This is the third day that the children have been without boots; their father is again out of work, and I am alone in the world. You will be interested to hear that I have been trying to get a little money together with which to start a small stationer's shop, and if I can do this I can make a living and keep my four children and my husband in comfort. Will you not help me? Lord —, Colonel John —, C.B., and the Rev. William — have already subscribed small sums, and if I can only get five pounds more I shall be able to buy the shop and start earning an honest living for myself and my dear ones. I have appealed to you because I feel sure you have a generous heart, and because I think you would like to be associated with Colonel John —, C.B., Lord — and the Reverend William — in this work of true charity. Will you kindly forward this small (and necessary) sum of five pounds by return so that I can buy the

shop and begin work at once? Thanking you for past assistance,

Yours very gratefully,
(Mrs.) MATILDA ASCOT.

"Dear, dear," he said. He put both letters carefully away, and took up his morning paper.

A week later he came down to breakfast and found two letters on his plate. He recognised the writing at once. After a little hesitation he decided to read Reginald St. John Berkeley's note first.

99a, Curzon Street, Mayfair, W.

DEAR SIR,—I must confess that I have been somewhat surprised at not hearing from you, in answer to my communication offering to advance you sums ranging from £10 to £10,000 upon your note of hand alone, without any further security whatever.

Can it be that you are not in any want of money? The expenses incidental to the opening of the season are numerous, and it frequently happens that gentlemen of your position are in temporary need of assistance. It is not always possible to sell out stock at a moment's notice, nor is it always quite convenient to borrow from one's friends. It is on such occasions that most gentlemen are glad to seek my aid, and it would surprise you if you were to look at my books to see how many of the nobility and gentry are willing to accept money from me. There are men in the very highest position in England among my clients, and I am prepared to treat you with just the same consideration.

Now, cannot I send you a trifle? You want a new motor-car, you desire to go in for aeroplaning, your wife wishes to spend a week in Paris—well, why hesitate? You can return the money when you like (with, of course, such small interest as will repay the incidental expenses of the negotiation), and you will have the satisfaction of knowing that you have not (perhaps) missed the opportunity of a lifetime through a temporary shortage of ready capital.

Now let me hear from you at once on this subject. You will, of course, understand that I cannot undertake to advance you a larger sum than £10,000 upon your mere note of hand. Should you therefore require more than this it will be necessary for me, in order to protect myself to receive some security.

I enclose a stamped envelope, addressed to myself, so that you can inform me at once of the amount you require, and remain

Yours faithfully,

REGINALD ST. JOHN BERKELEY.

"Well, well," he said, "this is very sad." He wiped away a tear and turned to (Mrs.) Matilda Ascot.

23, Spa Road, Notting Hill, W.

DEAR SIR,—You have wounded me deeply by your silence—how deeply I trust you will never know. In my bitterness I said to myself, "Never again will I show my confidence in him by giving him the opportunity of being associated with such noble Christians and true gentlemen as Lord —, Colonel John —, C.B., and the Reverend William — in a work of real charity." But afterwards I relented; I told myself that possibly you had been ill or away upon a holiday; and I decided to give you one more chance.

I am about to start a small registry business on which to support my dear little children (5), who are quite alone in the world, their poor father being unfortunately no more. General Sir Rupert —, K.C.B., is interesting himself in the matter, and many other gentlemen of position are helping me, among them the Bishop of —; while Lord —, Colonel John —, C.B., and the Reverend William — have again shown a true Christian spirit in contributing. I only require ten pounds more, and this sum I have decided to let you subscribe. You will want to send the money at once, and I am therefore enclosing a stamped addressed envelope, so that you may not be vexed by any unnecessary delay.

Trusting to hear from you to-morrow, and thanking you for past assistance,

Yours very gratefully,

(Mrs.) MATILDA ASCOT.

He gave a deep sigh.

"What a lot of unhappiness there is in the world," he reflected. "I don't seem to be doing any good at all; I don't help anybody. They all write to me and tell me their troubles—why don't I do something?"

He thought for a moment, and then a noble idea occurred to him. He took Mrs. Ascot's letter and put it in Mr. Berkeley's stamped addressed envelope; and he took Mr. Berkeley's letter and put it in Mrs. Ascot's stamped addressed envelope. As he poured himself out a cup of tea he looked fatuously pleased with him-elf.

"They ought to have been introduced to each other a long time ago," he said.

A. A. M.

"BARON'S ALLEGED OFFENCES.

BIGAMY CHARGE TO BE PREFERRED."

East Anglian Daily Times.

The alleged offences must be pretty bad if he really would prefer a bigamy charge.

"General Niox said that he often pondered on these splendid thoughts, and Mr. Roosevelt replied that he was 'delighted to find his words had penetrated so far.'"—Daily Mail.

Which was not very polite to General Niox.

LINES TO A "RARA AVIS."

HENRY, felicitously surnamed Bird
(Since there is music in the very word,
Besides you 're dedicated to Euterpe
And are by nature chirpy),
Although your Jubilee was held last week
With quite unique
Éclat in Harmony's august abode,
I hope you will allow
An ancient friend to pay you now
The tardy tribute of a free-and-easy ode.

How great the changes and the chops
Since you, one of the props
And pillars of the "Pops"
Proved, by your sympathy and skill
pianistic,
Accompanists could be artistic!
O Heavens! how ill they played,
Some of your predecessors,
Although they weren't afraid
To style themselves professors!

But you from the beginning tackled
BRAHMS—
BRAHMS at his rockiest—and showed no
qualms;
When STRAUSS and when DEBUSSY came
along,
They found you going strong.
Fearless transposer! Why, they even say
That, on one memorable day,
You actually contrived to follow
A devious votary of Apollo
Through each involuntary change of
key—

And there were three—
Before the singer's ultimate catastrophe!

Innumerable concerts and recitals,
Enough to sap the vitals
Of heroes less efficiently arrayed,
Have left you unembittered, undismayed.
Yet there are times
When ballads upon ballads—tune and
rhymes

Alike artistic crimes—
The soul of bathos shed;
And then my heart has bled
To see you with self-sacrificing zeal
Hiding the grief you could not choose
but feel;

And, animated by a sense of duty,
That never fails you in the direst need,
Handling, as if it were a thing of
beauty
Some maudlin melody married to a
bleating screed.

Minstrels, like bards, are irritable folk
Whom trifles oft provoke
To sudden fury or unseemly tears;
But you, blithe spirit, from your earliest
years

Have been undeviatingly urbane,
Free from all frills, considerate, cour-
teous, sane,

And to the end will so remain.
Wherefore, with deepest reverence im-
bued
For your supreme pianofortitude,



Loafer, "I WISH I 'AD A EASY JOB LIKE YOURS, MATE."

Sandwichman. "EASY! YER DUNNO WOT YOU 'RE TORKIN' ABAHT. EASY! LOOK AT THE STRAIN IT PUTS ON A BLOKE'S MIND! IF I LEAVE OFF THINKIN' FOR 'ARF A MO' I GITS THE 'AND POINTIN' THE WRONG WAY—THEN WHERE DO YOU RECKON 'ARF THE POPULATION O' LUNNON 'LL GIT TO? EASY!"

And by melodious memories rarely stirred,
Punch hails your Jubilee, O tuneful
BIRD!

At the Royal Academy.

There was once a king who very
nearly executed a certain MORDECAI. A
namesake—Mr. J. MORDECAI—has been
executing our KING in cold oil, and seems
to have taken a pretty fair revenge on
Royalty.

"It is estimated that Mr. Alfred Killick,
who has just retired at Tunbridge Wells after
half a century in the postal service, has walked
from 240,000 to half a million miles in the
course of his duty in delivering letters."

Manchester Evening News.

Really, we should have thought that a
closer estimate would have been possible.

WHAT TO LOOK OUT FOR AT THE
ANGLO-JAPANESE EXHIBITION: *Shepherd's
Bushido.*

POTTED PAPERS.

I. *The New Age*.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

THE Government continues its disastrous career towards the rocks, every day bringing it nearer to destruction. As we have always foreseen and said, the Cabinet is at sixes and sevens and only by Herculean efforts can the PREMIER hold his team in check. Never did a stern brow mask so absolutely woolly a personality as that of Mr. ASQUITH.

There is one way, and only one, towards the salvation of England. It is the democratic way. Demos carries the light and it must be followed. The Lords may survive the present storm, but another and another will follow, and ultimately they will be whelmed. The creation of five hundred peers will hardly postpone their annihilation a moment. Who will they be? Ask yourselves. And how long will they remain Liberal? Ask yourselves that too.

BOOKS AND PERSONS.

(An occasional causerie appearing regularly every week.)

I have been reading *Hopeless Idiocy*, by Schnetchkernoff, in the translation just issued by the only publisher in England who has any brains. You who read this volume have, of course, never heard of Schnetchkernoff, but let me tell you that you will. For he is a coming man; he is one of the men that count. I discerned this the moment I had smelt the cover of the book, and five minutes after I had opened it I was gasping with the ecstasy that one artist feels for another. On my recent visit to England I made every effort to meet the translator of the novel, but he was never at home. But I shall be in Moscow next week, and shall then sip my vodka with the novelist himself, and tell him a few facts about this England of ours.

Looking in recently on Milan, I was delighted to find the industrious and not despicable young Italian who translated my novel into his language, which I understand perfectly but have not time to write in. I asked him what Italy did before he began his labours, but he was unable to tell me. "Corpo di Bacco!" he said, and shrugged. But I understood. Still, all that is now changed. I then told him a few startling things about Italy which he had not dreamed of, and showed him how very like geese were most of the swans which his countrymen admired.

By the way, there is in England at this moment only one man who can write decent journalism, and that is the leader writer on *The Bournemouth*

Excelsior. If ever that paper comes your way, treasure it as you would treasure fine gold. JACOB TONSON.

ART.

Let me resume my indictment of the obscure lumber-room in Trafalgar Square called the National Gallery. Last week I demolished the claims of VELASQUEZ, TITIAN, RAPHAEL and LEONARDO. I wish now to draw your attention to that incredible example of bad drawing and vulgar colouring called ANDREA DEL SARTO's portrait of himself. How could such a feeble thing be admitted into any collection, one asks. But there are no limits to the incapacity of the trustees of this institution.

[And so on.]

WHY NOT SURRENDER TO RUSSIA?

By W. R. Titterton.

Last week I proved that, as we had already virtually surrendered to Germany long ago, it was only by a formal surrender that we could get a *quid pro quo* for our humility. But England's need is not only one but several fresh conquests. Accordingly I plead this week for another conquest—this time by Russia. Here again we should only be regularising the *fait accompli*, for we have already surrendered to Russian ideas. TCHAIKOWSKY has conquered us; Tolstoi has conquered us; all right-minded people are the slaves of caviare (a Russian product), and Jacob Tonson is passionately addicted to vodka. The Russians have the deepest bass voices in the world. ANNA PAVLOVA is the finest dancer in the solar system, and I have recently mastered the balalaika. *Quid plura?*

The Loving Cup.

"Mrs. Ward gave an address, after which a cup of tea was handed round."—*Barrow News*.

"Lady Cook open to engagements; Dinner Parties, 'At Homes,' good cake, bread, butter, ices; would play harmonium for service"

Farnham Herald.

Would this be the funeral service?

"New Arrivals in Noirette Undershirts," says an advertisement in the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch*; but there is nothing about it in *The Times'* social column.

"For downright sentiment there is nothing to beat Mr. H. J. Dobson's interior." *Yorkshire Post*.

We express no opinion on what seems to us a purely personal matter.

"Mr. E. M. Watson, A.R.C.M., was deservedly encoored for his pianoforte solo, which was given in a smaterly style, the expression being particularly good."—*Reading County Times*.

On the contrary, we think it a rotten expression.

"HORSE—ROCKING—MARK I."

A Riding-Master Speaks:—

COME hither, my gentle recruits! A lesson I have to impart On one of your principal duties, The noble equestrian art. The horse, you may know, is a creature Which prudence would bid you avoid; He bites with his principal feature, And kicks when he's feeling annoyed.

But here, by our latest invention, We free you from any alarm; Approach him without apprehension; Nay, pat him; he cannot do harm. Henceforth you need never be wary Of handling the beast as you like; Our Patent Mechanic d Hairy Is safer by far than a bike.

The old-fashioned horse, in his paces, Is often exceedingly rough, Which comes, in particular places, Uncommonly hard on the "buff;" His temper is highly capricious; He bucks and he jibs and he rears, And likes, when he's playful or vicious, To hurtle you over his ears.

But mark, what a lasting improvement! This excellent Pattern you'll find A thing of luxurious movement And woodenly docile in mind; You sit with a foot in each stirrup; You needn't hang on by his head; The motion's as soothing as syrup And grateful as cocoa or bed.

Then rock you, my gentle recruits, And try (if you can) to enjoy The simple and dignified beauties Of soldiering learnt on a toy. Come rock-a-bye, rock-a-bye! Faster! Come upsey-down, upsey-down! So! Ride on without fear of disaster! Come, rock-a-bye!—Lord, what a show! DUM-DUM.

AN INTRODUCTION.

It is understood that Lieut.-Col. NEWNHAM-DAVIS has been appointed to give the introductory lecture to the College for Hotel Managers which is about to be opened. The following synopsis of his remarks should not be uninteresting:—

The high mission of hotel-keeping; the nobility of the career of *chef*; well-cooked food the basis of pre eminent nations; empire and *bêche-de-mer*; dominion and truffles, progress and ortolans, success and char; the true inwardness of viticulture; the duty owed by the right citizen to the grape; patriotism and Château Yquem, conquest and Château Lafitte, the relation of 1898 champagne and moral fibre; very old brandy and supremacy; the gastric juice our best friends; how to nourish

them; a good digestion the noblest end to strive for; a healthy appetite a sign of a healthy mind; poor or indiscriminating eaters the enemies of Society; teetotillers and vegetarians the worst pariahs; restaurants and the civic ideal; the educational value of talking to waiters; the importance to waiters and other employés of having conversation for guests; the way for hotel managers to treat the Press; how to discover if the Press man is sufficiently influential to be flattered and encouraged; how to behave to him if he is not; the wise way with the police; cigars, what brands to keep and what brands to give away; the bars, how to make them attractive; drinks suitable to take with customers as being less deleterious than others; medicaments to act as antidotes to excessive health-drinking.

So much for the first part. There will then be an interval for refreshments, when the gallant Lieut.-Colonel, hero of a million engagements (to dine), will enter upon Part II., which will consist of an account of his own experiences in hotels the world over, with lessons drawn therefrom. The college will then be declared open.

A FLATNESS IN POLES.

[For want, we are told, of the necessary funds the American Antarctic Expedition, which was to have raced Captain Scott to the South Pole has been abandoned.]

This is a blow, indeed it is,
To hear so vile a motive, viz.

The scarcity of cash,
Has interfered with Uncle Sam
And caused him, so to speak, to dam
His threatened Polar dash.

What of the millionaires who toil
At making Trusts in meat and oil,
Men whom you merely prick,
And libraries and parks they ooze—
Have they no fervour for a cruise
To find the frosty stick?

Can it be true that stately kings
Of potted pork and other things
Are backward with their doles?
That Railway Rajahs cut up rough
And murmur, "We have had enough
Cavorting after Poles?"

"The business is not bright nor new,
The eagle now has perches two
Cut from the frozen North;
If PEARY finds another peg,
And some new artist pulls our leg,
That makes the third and the fourth."

Yes, I can almost understand
Why eager patriots do not hand
The needful nuggets out;
There comes a time when hearts (I guess)
Are filled with strange snow-weariness,
Fraught with a sense of doubt.



"WHAT IS THE BABY CRYING FOR, MY CHILD?"

"I DUNNO; 'E'S ALWAYS CRYING. I NEVER CAME ACRAWST ANYONE WOT LOOKS UPON THE DARK SIDE OF THINGS AS 'E DOES."

It needs some more exciting "stunt"
To place the Stars and Sripes in front
Than messages from COOK,—
"The Southern Pole is ours. Enquire
For further facts (beyond this wire)
Of Antetukishuk." EVOE.

"Selecting a particular year in this century, the distinguished statistician shows us that while, in France, out of one thousand men who had not yet attained the age of 20 and who married, two were bachelors, and upwards of seventy-four were widowers and divorced men."
The Daily Telegraph.

Leaving 900 odd polygamists.—Shame.

"The official staring point was passed at 5.31 p.m., amid scenes of the same intense excitement."—*Evening News.*

Still, even common, unofficial persons were allowed to stare from all the rest of the route.

Straight tip from *The Daily Telegraph* :—

"I still think that if Lemberg is sufficiently forward he will win."

The great thing in racing is to get well forward at the finish.



Mrs. Montmorency-Smythe. "AND WHAT WERE YOU READING WHEN I CAME IN, MY DEAR? SHAKESPEARE! AH! WHAT A WONDERFUL MAN! AND TO THINK THAT HE WASN'T EXACTLY WHAT ONE WOULD CALL A GENTLEMAN."

A SLAVE TO DUTY.

["There are more women than men."—*Vide Census Returns*.]

DEAR ladies, the season approaches
When love affairs go with a swing,
And Straphon to Chloe impulsively broaches
The Question that blooms in the Spring;
But a tear does a sprint down my cheek at the hint
Which has filled me with sorrow profound—
There's a positive glut of fair Phyllises, but . . .
There are not enough men to go round!

The sorrow and shame of it mingle;
I cry for a "Bachelors' Tax"
As I think of the Jills who are doomed to be single
Because of the shortage of Jacks;
And it seems very wrong to withhold from the throng
(I fancy my logic is sound)
A love that could cheer half a score, when it's clear
There are not enough men to go round.

So my hopes as a lover are banished,
I've broken the vows I had vowed,
The dreams in which Rose figured daily have vanished—
She can only be one of a crowd!
And when I'm with Nora, or Betty, or Dora,
She labels me "flirt," I'll be bound,
Yet I merit applause, for it's simply because
There are not enough men to go round!

AEROPLANES v. GOLF.

WRITING to *The Field* Mr. U. P. JENKINS (can he, by chance, be the originator of the celebrated game of "Up, Jenkins"?) voices his dread of low-flying aviators, who, he says, would obstruct his tee shots, and claims that he is entitled to a sufficient amount of air, if paying a subscription of fifteen guineas to his golf club. This is very sad, but we are afraid there is no help for it, now that England has gone aviation-mad. The mere fifteen-guinea golfer had better resign himself to being bunkered by coveys of bird-men, swooping over the sandhills after mammoth prizes and pursued by droves of motor cars conveying sporting journalists.

By judiciously topping his ball the asphyxiated enthusiast may yet be able to creep from hole to hole beneath the stream of aeroplanes playing the low-down game foreseen by Mr. JENKINS—or, if he does not mind his fees being considerably enhanced, he may still breathe his *quantum* of air on a course fenced and roofed in with close-meshed wire in the manner of a chicken-run. The royal and ancient game would then, of course, be better played with croquet mallets, and sufficient variety could be obtained if a few new shapes were introduced, such as a knobkerrie, a bandy-stick, or a pavior's beetle. If aviators persist in their vulgar habit of ricocheting from tee to tee, there will be little left for the plane-flapped golfer but to follow the mole and pursue his game in a network of tubes underground. Still, he might always play from aeroplanes and defeat the air-hogs in their own element. So cheer U. P. JENKINS!

ZIGZAG.



À OUTRANCE.

SIR ROSEBERY (*detached observer*). "PARDON ME, BUT AS A MATTER OF ACADEMIC INTEREST I SHOULD VERY MUCH LIKE TO SEE WHETHER YOU COULDN'T WIN WITHOUT YOUR SWORD."

SIR BALFOUR. "A MOST INTERESTING SPECULATION, BUT I'M NOT TAKING ANY MORE RISKS THAN I NEED."

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, April 25.

—The Admirals are out on a fresh cruise. Having seen that the Navy is as well provided as is possible under an incapable, corrupt Administration which, when it is not truckling to Germany, is on its knees to JOHN REDMOND, they have turned their attention to the number of guests entertained on board the Admiralty yacht, with particular enquiry as to who pays for their grub.

Off and on have for some time been firing in this direction with object of finding the range. To-day concentrate attack. Owing to misunderstanding VICE-ADMIRAL BURGOWNE is left to conduct it single-handed. His consort, REAR-ADMIRAL MIDDLEMORE, like the Spanish Fleet on historic occasion, "is not yet in sight." Too literally construes his title.

"All very well to be a Rear-Admiral," says the VICE-ADMIRAL snappishly, slinging his telescope round to wrong eye and surveying offing in Palace Yard; "but on a day like this he need not keep so far in that direction as to be below the horizon."

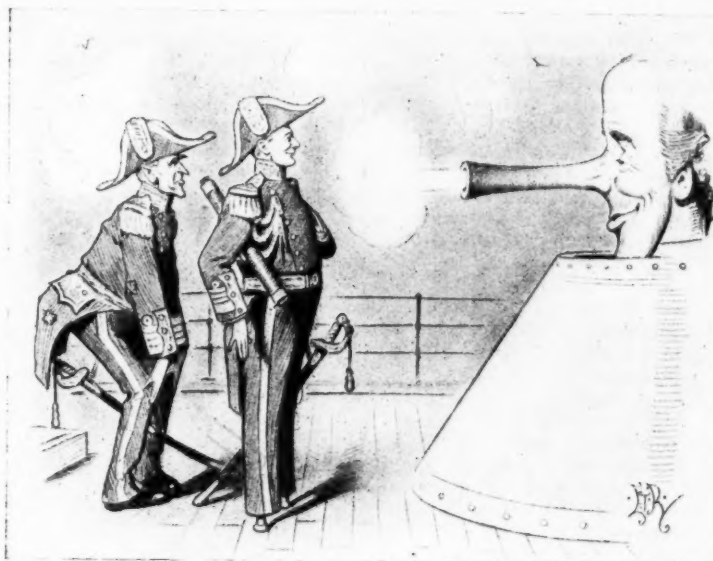
Fact is, MIDDLEMORE is down at his



ONE OF THE GREAT UNCHASTENED.

(Mr. Will Thorne.)

There is a growing tendency among those who worship at the shrine of "Labour" to resent any application of the rod or birch to any of those tractable little scions of the Prophet who are turned out, with such engaging manners and so much self-control, by the Elementary Schools of the country. Is it not conceivable that a practice which is borne with sturdy submission by Public School boys and others might in some cases work well? Is there not a risk, for instance, that in sparing the rod you may spoil the Member of Parliament?



ADMIRALS ALL; OR, NAVAL EXPERTS UNDER FIRE.

"Rear-Admiral Middlemore" takes cover behind "Vice-Admiral Burgoyne."

(Mr. J. T. Middlemore, Mr. A. H. Burgoyne, and the Rt. Hon. Reginald McKenna.)

marine residence (Arethusa Lodge, Topsail Lane, Stourbridge), rigging up a flagstaff in the back-yard. In addition to a vane designed to show Stourbridge which way the wind is blowing, he will have a Union Jack run up on Empire Day with intent, as CRAIG put it the other day, that "foreigners chancing to visit these shores will see that we have the greatest Empire in the world." The REAR-ADMIRAL rather thinks that, with this flagstaff and a few big stones lime-washed in coast-guard fashion, Arethusa Lodge, though situated in the Midlands, will have about it a decidedly naval look.

Odd how these two authorities on the policy and minutiae of naval matters have developed from what on the face of it seemed unlikely sources. Outside Parliamentary arena VICE-ADMIRAL BURGOWNE is something in the wine business. REAR-ADMIRAL MIDDLEMORE, entering life with intention to follow the medical profession, drifted into a solicitor's office and rose to the high estate of a Birmingham City Councillor. Yet—and the lesson should not be lost upon new Members—by patience and perseverance in the Question hour, they have come to number themselves among our most authoritative naval experts, each ready at an hour's notice to take command of Channel Fleet. No secret that when JACK FISHER, recalling memories of TEMPLE at Sheen, retired to his country seat to cultivate his roses, there was some disappointment in family circles that neither of the Admirals was "sent for" to take his place. Due

entirely to political animosity; PREMIER ever ready to sacrifice best interests of country on altar of Party.

Didn't make much out of this new cruise. House inclined to regard enquiry as petty, not to say impertinent. But the VICE-ADMIRAL will haul about and attack again when his consort comes in sight.

SARK says the best thing for FIRST LORD to do would be to ask the Admirals down to Sheerness and give them a cruise in the Admiralty yacht. He fancies that, should the sea be a little choppy, the table expenses of the guests would not be excessive.

Business done.—Budget read a second time by majority of eighty-six.

Tuesday.—The licence of the Question hour, with its irrelevancies, its self-advertisements, its personal animosities, and its Party controversies, strikingly illustrated in a query in to-days long list standing in name of WILLIAM THORNE. That explosive gentleman, who, like Mr. BELLOW (South Salford), always goes off at half-cock when rising to address the Chair, desires "To ask the President of the Board of Trade, whether any inquiry has been held into the disappearance at sea, on 2nd October, 1909, of an Asiatic fireman named Lai Yu, whilst serving on the steamer *Bellerophon*, of Liverpool; whether he was on duty at the time; whether he was medically examined before joining; how long he had served on the vessel; whether he had had any previous sea service."

"The answer to the last part of the

question" (to quote a familiar Treasury Bench formula) "is in the negative."

SYDNEY BUXTON, shrewd middle-aged young man, is rarely at sea. Why THORNE supposes that PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE might have been on duty at moment of disappearance at sea of an Asiatic fireman; that he was medically examined before joining; and that he served some time on the vessel, are among the things no fellow can understand. They are at least consonant in coherence and genuine desire for information with nine-tenths of the supplementary questions put at an average sitting.

Business done.—Budget Bill went through Committee and reported without division.

Wednesday.—To-night, amid shout of triumph from embattled Ministerial host, Budget Bill read a third time. Final scene up to mark of historic occasion. Ordained that at eight o'clock the blade of guillotine should fall, debate be cut off, and division taken on amendment moved from Front Opposition Bench for rejection of measure. Long before hour approached, benches on both sides thronged.

SIDGONS O'BRIEN's rising to fling last curse at Bill and, incidentally, to run amok among "the mass of conspirators in the background responsible for the unconditional surrender of the rights of Ireland," led to dramatic incident that profoundly stirred crowded House. Hitherto the Leader of Nationalist Party has been the chief, almost exclusive, exponent of its views. Following O'BRIEN to-night came DEVLIN, who replied in speech of equal fire and fury added to considerably more point. It disclosed the priceless possession by the Redmondites of a second TIM HEALY. Whilst lacking the sardonic humour which flickers through TRUCULENT TIM's observations, DEVLIN has all his fighting power. The Leader of the Nationalist team will do well to give this young colt his head.

PREMIER, who met with enthusiastic reception from his followers, summed up facts of situation with the pellucid phrasing, the pitiless logic, that are at his command. Then came division which in House of five hundred and fifty-five Members negatived hostile amendment by majority of ninety-three. Bill thereupon read a third time without division.

Business done.—Budget Bill carried across corridor to Lords. No one there to receive resuscitated infant. Couldn't very well leave it on doorstep. Standing Orders moderately require quorum of three for transaction of business. After five minutes' active search quorum roped in, and Bill solemnly read a first time.

Thursday.—To young persons about to enter upon Parliamentary career, Viscount CASTLEREAGH serves as awful example. Young, rich, heir to a marquessate, squire to one of the most charming of English dames, he has sunk into a condition of despondency that positively blights the benches in his immediate neighbourhood. Only four years have sped since he was returned Member for Maidstone. Sufficed to bring about this transmogrification.

Accidental position occupied *vis-à-vis* Treasury Bench has something to do with it. Is ever in full view of LLOYD GEORGE, WINSTON, and other Members of a Ministry



"THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING EARNEST."

"Suffusing with greyness what should be a youthful countenance, bowing his shoulders with gruesome grief."

(Lord Castlereagh.)

for which, in respect of lack of all the virtues, the ages provide no parallel. Cheered the other day by hearing WINTERSTON genially describe Government as "a man-eating tiger that has tasted blood." Elation only temporary.

A sort of withering influence emanating from Treasury Bench subtly possesses him, suffusing with greyness what should be a youthful countenance, bowing his shoulders with gruesome grief, hampering his stride with symptoms of patriotic paralysis. His noble father has his trials in another place. By comparison with his son-and-heir's lot in the Commons,

life in the Lords is at least bearable. With untamed spirit, not always subject to the discipline of Party, Lord LONDONBERRY (using the phrase in strict Parliamentary sense) kicks out afore and ahint. Generally attacks attenuated minority on benches opposite; if need be does not spare his diplomatic Leader on front bench below. On Lord CASTLEREAGH in the Commons the sun never shines. Ever he sits in the shadow of the supremacy of a man-eating Radical Government hurrying on to abysmal depths of Socialism.

His condition brought under direct notice of sympathising House by not infrequent habit of putting questions designed to floor FUELLEN or to take the wind out of WINSTON. A small matter, curious in its way and significant of the situation, to note how when he slowly rises from front bench below Gangway to put a question he looks as old as his father. When, having resumed his seat, he listens to reply that inevitably reveals fresh duplicity on part of the Government, he looks appreciably older.

Business done.—Lords, suspending Standing Orders, pass Budget, if not "without alteration of a comma," yet, as PREMIER says, "in all substantial respects unaltered."

Friday.—Budget received Royal Assent; both Houses adjourned for Spring Recess.

Flight Notes.

It is said that a well-known fancier is about to dispose of his loft of racing-pigeons to a firm of poulterers, having no further use for it.

We have not been to Wormwood Scrubs for some time, and the great progress in the conquest of the air which seems to have taken place there, as indicated by the establishment of a floating hotel (see following paragraph from *The Times*), had quite escaped our attention:—

"At ten minutes to 6 o'clock Mr. Grahame-White was in the Pavilion Hotel, which is near the ground, awaiting the latest news of his rival."

We know now, of course, that Mr. GRAHAME-WHITE would have been better advised to stay at an hotel of the old-fashioned kind, actually on the ground. It was probably the time lost in deflecting the planes and bringing the main exit to within safe jumping distance from the earth that gave the Frenchman so generous a start.

"I was completely turned round three times by the force of the wind at this point," said Mr. Grahame-White to a Press representative.

Manchester Courier.

At about the twelfth pint the phenomenon is of common occurrence.



Better Half. "SAM'L, THOU OLD VILLAIN, I DO BELIEVE THOU BE DRUNK."
Prodigal (contentedly). "WELL, IF I BE'UNT, I HA' WAYASTED THREE BOAD!"

UNDERGROUND TO MANCHESTER.

THE distance between England's capital and the great centre of Free Trade and the cotton industry having now been covered by coach, train, and motor-car, on foot, bicycle, and wheelbarrow, by water and by air—in every way, in fact, but one—it has been left to *The Daily News*, the only other paper besides *The Daily Mail* which publishes a Manchester as well as a London edition, to offer a handsome guerdon to the first aboriginal or naturalised Englishman who can traverse the route by burrowing.

The conditions of the competition are as follows: The start must take place within a four-mile radius of *The Daily News* offices in Bouverie Street, and the finish must occur opposite the Manchester Town Hall in Albert Square. The time occupied must not be more than twenty-four weeks, and competitors must not come up oftener than six times to blow. The sole implement that may be used besides the hands and feet is an ordinary spade, adjudged and declared to be such by, jointly, the editor of *The Daily News* and the Minister of Agriculture. The objects aimed at in this enterprise will be:—

(1) The advancement of the "Back to the Land" movement.

(2) The survey of ungotten minerals.

(3) The promotion of an interior and local enthusiasm as opposed to the spirit of Imperial pride. ("What do they know of England who only know her on the top?")

It is anticipated that the generous reward offered (£105, in spade guineas) will stimulate a large number of intrepid talpiators (or mole-men) to make the hazardous attempt, and incidentally to re-create history.

Later.—Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has started. He left the cellars of the "Cheshire Cheese" at 8 p.m. last night, with no provisions but a slab of chocolate and two bottles of barley wine. He is burrowing hard.

Late special.—Mr. L. G. CHIOZZA-MONEY is following in Mr. CHESTERTON'S wake. He started from Praed Street Underground, and expects to crop up at Blisworth Junction by the subway in about four weeks' time. The greatest excitement prevails above the probable line of route.

"The lines mentioned in this circular have a value exceeded by what you pay for them."

That, after all, is rather the idea of shop-keeping as a profession.

THE KEY OF THE MYSTERY.

OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE KEY.

[I prefer the second title. The other one isn't true.—*Author.*]

LIFE assumed a brighter hue for me to-day, when for the first time this season I took my flannel suit from my wardrobe (let us call it a wardrobe, at any rate) and put part of it on my back, part on my chest, and the remainder on my legs. "If we cannot have adventure and romance in life," I said to the glass, "we can at any rate have a change of raiment."

Now this is going to be one of those tiresome narratives, in which all sorts of apparently irrelevant details are to be vastly important at the end. Go back to the beginning, therefore, get thoroughly used to the idea of the flannel suiting, and then make a careful note of the following facts. The last time I wore this suit was in September, 1909. I then invited myself to stay with my sister, who, owing to the fault of her husband, is married. He becoming obstreperous, I informed my good friend George that I should stay a night with him on my way South, and thence made my way to my reverend uncle's house in Herefordshire. Driven from

there, I returned to London, wrote an article derogatory to all brothers-in-law, Georges and uncles, and sadly placed the flannel suit in the wardrobe, from which I this morning took it for the first time this season (life then assuming a brighter hue).

Putting my hand in the trouser pocket, I drew forth to the gaze of an astonished mirror no other thing than a key. To you a key may be an every-day affair, to be regarded neither with excitement, suspicion, joy, nor even curiosity. There may be chained to your person a dozen or two of these treasures, each unlocking some private drawer, each excluding an inquisitive public from the secrets of your amours and finance. For me there are no keys, no private drawers, no

amours, no finance. "This," I announced, "is someone else's key. No person of delicacy would allow such an enormity to separate him from his love letters or business correspondence. This is a latch-key. The hue which my life is assuming is not simply brighter; it is gaudy."

Which of the three is the untidy person who left a latch-key lying about in my pocket? The reverend uncle, I remember, forced me into saying I should like to inspect his schools. I remember that he took a key off a peg over his study mantel-piece (what good vicar would not?) wherewith to open the schoolroom door. I remember that he dragged me from an easy-chair and *The Romance of a Blighted Life* to show me, with conscious pride, a school-room remarkable only for the bareness of its walls and the hardness of its sitting accommodation. I even remember that it was I who turned the key in the lock as we came out again, but I do not remember pressing that key into my uncle's hand, with a few well-chosen words of gratitude and enthusiasm. Can it be that . . . ? If yea, I have my revenge and the satisfaction of knowing that I have the cause of the children at heart. I shall have been the means of their being locked out of school for half a year. Six months' glorious holiday for the little ones, unstained with ink, uncontaminated by tiresome facts relating to

the business of EDWARD THE CONFESSOR or the foolish attributes of 2 plus 2. If nay, then it is George's stable key.

Picture George's corpulent horse smiling through the stable window, through which food can be passed in but wild horses cannot be dragged out. Men must have walking exercise. Dumb animals must be protected. Stable doors were made to be locked, and locked before the horse is gone.

"George," I shall say, "what a nice figure you have got! You must have been doing a lot of walking since I last saw you. Once I thought you were going to be fat." I shall have him at my mercy then, for he is a bad arguer even when he is cool and collected.

Failing him, there only remains my

her equality, not by acquiring her vote but by getting rid of her husband's. Inasmuch as that woman is my sister, how shall I not rejoice?

Ah, little sister, I see you sitting before your fire, secure in the possession of your warder-off of burglars, happy, contented and independent. But do I also see your head swelling a little with this new independence? Do I see familiarity breeding contempt, security begetting carelessness? Yes, I fear I do, and the general outlook becomes on that account less pleasing.

You will take to the unwomanly pastime of thinking, and sooner or later your thoughts will light on me. At once you will connect me with the key and, in a light-hearted moment, you will

communicate your thoughts to your husband, who will still be in a state of inexcusable irritation. Blinding himself to the falseness of your reasoning, he will accept your fortuitously right conclusion, and will thereupon start out in search of me and the key. He is a tall muscular man, who has never yet stopped looking for a thing till he found it. Eventually, a fate will overtake me, in the face of which argument and all the other subterfuges of civilization will be futile. What, I wish to know, was wrong with the old

hue of life that it needs must be changed for this?

"Sermons were preached at the Parish Church on Sunday morning by the Rev. Canon O'Flaherty, and at night by the Rev. R. Norwood on behalf of the Diocesan Fund for the augmentation of curate's stipends. The collections amounted to over £7.

Parish Church.—Sermons were preached at the Parish Church on Sunday morning by the Rev. Canon O'Flaherty, and in the evening by the Rev. R. Norwood, on behalf of the Diocesan Fund for the Amalgamation of Curates' Stipends. The collections amounted to over £7."

Rugby Advertiser.

The second idea for the collection was much brighter.

"This, by the way, will be the first play in which Mr. Anthony Hope has collaborated since his last dramatic effort, also made in association with another author."—*The Globe.*

There, you would never have noticed that.



THE ALL-CONQUERING SCOT.

Old Scotsman (to his son, who has just returned from a business trip to London). "WEEL, LADDIE, AND WHAT DAE YE THINK O' THE ENGLISH NOO?"

Son. "Oh, I DIDN'T HAVE MUCH OF A CHANCE TO STUDY THEM. YOU SEE, I ONLY HAD TO DO WITH THE HEADS OF DEPARTMENTS!"

married sister, and every good married sister has a front door. But I see no reason why a man like Peter, who has already got more than he deserves in my sister, should also have a separate latchkey to himself. Let us hope that now he has not. A little discipline will do him good. There will be no more coming home after dark at his own sweet will for Mister Peter. He will keep regular and early hours, or else wait on the door-step until the powers that be see fit to admit him. He will learn his place, which of an evening is at home. He will become a better man. Think, too, of the triumph of the Cause of Woman! The political tyranny of the husband is gone, for with his latchkey is lost his sole title to a vote, which he always uses to the advancement of his own and the oppression of his wife's sex. One woman has got



Constable (to Motorist who has exceeded the speed limit). "AND I HAVE MY DOUBTS ABOUT THIS BEING YOUR FIRST OFFENCE. YOUR FACE SEEMS FAMILIAR TO ME."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MR. ALGERNON GISSING has a very engaging way of making *Love in the Byways* (F. V. WHITE). Here are a dozen short stories of the marriages and givings in marriage of country folk, each opening with its little dilemma, each concluding to the happy sound of the right wedding bells. Here honest yeomen make progress with comely lasses. Trouble sets in, but nice-spoken gentlemen intervene and all is well. Now and then an old-fashioned tune is played on the village violin; occasionally there is a note of tragedy; once there is almost murder. For the most part the moral is that the course of true love may not run smoothly but does eventually get you there. The author treats his simple, obvious themes with an easy grace. His style, marred only by an excess of "commencements," itself suggests the sunlight and single aim of rustic life. Not for him is the movement, the dust and the thrill of the town. None of his characters deals in subtle sex problems or the intricate detection of crime. Only one of them even smokes a cigar. Let me recommend you, after the rush of a busy day and in your less complex moods, to read the book. You will not sit up half the night to finish it. More probably you will retire at the decent hour of ten under the temporary illusion that you are in the country yourself.

It has long been the mournful habit of publishers to maintain that short stories appeal but little to the popular taste. We live, nevertheless, in an age of literary drain-drinking; the public displays a passionate desire for snippets, loves to assimilate its literature in small doses, and enjoys

the classics in compressed tabloid form. Even the student of biography would appear to share Mr. ALFRED LESTER'S preference for "a short life and a gay one." If, therefore, the short story has fallen into disfavour, brevity cannot be regarded as its sole excuse for unpopularity. The writers of short stories are as numerous as the sands of the seashore, and, alas! too of en as ariel. Against their bleak and dreary background a few clear-cut polished gems shine out, like broken bottles on the beach, with redoubled effulgence. In *Corporal Sam and Other Stories* (SMITH, ELDER) "Q" once more proves his right to a place, with KIPLING, JACOBS, CONRAD, and perhaps one other, in the very front rank of modern story-tellers. He is a past-master of his craft, dramatic, deft, full of humour and imagination. The reader who is depressed by the somewhat morbid ending of the story from which this collection derives its title will be relieved by the cheerful sentimentality of "Colonel Baigent's Christmas," or "My Christmas Burglary." He will join with Troy in the laughter evoked by the discomfiture of the facetious *Mayor Pinsent*, and share in sympathy the sorrows of *Sir Felix Felix-Williams*. For all who delight in tales of adventure and romance "Q" provides a rich and wholesome feast.

It is a very gallant period ("Od's heart" for the gentlemen, and "La!" for the ladies, you know) that Mr. RAFAEL SABATINI has chosen for his *Anthony Wilding* (HUTCHINSON); but I don't think he has made the most of his cavalier. He should either have flung him (dragging me behind) whole-heartedly into the cause of MONMOUTH, which I admit would have been a pretty difficult job, or else have painted such an attractive portrait of the man that I could forgive the rather ineffectual rôle he plays in the Protestant rising of

the West. As it is, *Mr. Wilding* (an accredited agent of the Duke) is not present at any action, and escapes the charge of treason at the end, through the circumstance that he holds a letter compromising *SUNDERLAND*, which he ought to have delivered to the invader. But (shade of *MONTROSE*!) this is not the stuff of which my idols are made when they work for a hopeless cause. On the other hand his love-affair was brisk and breezy enough. He forced *Ruth Westmacott* to marry him at the beginning of the book by promising to spare her brother's life (the young man had insulted him), and she fell in love with him afterwards during a series of exciting and mutual rescues, of sufficient h.p. to have carried the unfortunate pretender to victory. On the whole I think I was most attracted to *Mr. Nick Trenhard*, the hero's friend, a very raffish rake-hell, whatever that may be, who remarks in one place, "Not thirsty? Why, lad, it's the beast that drinks only when he thirsts. And in that lies one of the main differences between beast and man," a sentiment almost worthy of *Athos* in his unregenerate days. But I doubt whether *Mrs. Wilding* invites him to *Zoyland Chase*.

Mr. JOHN BARNETT, the author of *Eve in Earnest* (SMITH, ELDER), is too much given to the trick of talking to his readers about his characters, as if they were not the clay and he the potter. When he says, "I believe *Eve's* head was whirling," or "I suppose she looked colder than her age," or "I fancy she was startled," he tires me. If writers like "W. M. T.," late of *Mr. Punch's Table*, or *Mr. WILLIAM DE MORGAN*, buttonhole me in this sort of way, I feel that they are slightly opening the door of their minds and inviting me to peep through the chink. But *Mr. BARNETT*, seeking, I suppose, to make his puppets extra lifelike, only seems to me to make more visible the strings by which they are pulled. Apart from this flaw, which may not irritate others as it does me, there are good points in the book, notably the picture of *Eve's* old father, who, engaged on a *magnum opus* which dulls his conscience to the duty and necessity of writing pot-boilers, throws the whole weight of the household on to *Eve's* pretty shoulders. However, after blushing and working unseen through twenty-three years' existence in Bloomsbury, she visits a worldly aunt in the Garden of England, and is introduced by *Mr. BARNETT* to a rather second rate Adam and a modified Eden. Unfortunately Adam, like some other young Members of Parliament, has a swelled head and is not too pleasant to live with. So *Eve* runs away to Bloomsbury, and it is up to *Mr. BARNETT* to devise some means of reconciling the once fond pair; which he does, on the principle that pity is akin to love, by afflicting *Eve* with poverty and Adam with temporary blindness as the result of a railway accident; after which it only remains to present them with two single first-class tickets back to Eden.



FORGOTTEN SPORTS—SLINGING THE HOOK.

I am not quite certain which of the many problems contained in *Mrs. PARRY TRUSCOTT's* new novel is the special one that gives its title to *The Question* (WERNER LAURIE). One might suppose it to be the choice between musical fame and domestic happiness that *Rupert May* had to take, or rather that *Josephine*, the ambitious, took for him. Or again, it may refer to the doubt as to which of her two lovers, *Rupert* or *Peniel*, this same *Josephine* will finally accept. What is more to the point is that *Mrs. TRUSCOTT* has written about it all in a manner that makes a usual story unusually charming. She has an appreciation, half humorous and half tender, for nuances of character, and a gift of translating them into language that is both fresh and delightful. *The Question* is a book of which no page can be missed without loss. But because I have enjoyed it so much, and shall look forward with interest to its successor, let *Mrs. TRUSCOTT* pardon me if I entreat her not again to illustrate it with a "photographic study" of her heroine. This is a growing practice with novelists, against which the protests of the sentimental should

be emphatic. Not that I have anything against the young lady who forms the frontispiece to the present volume; on the contrary, I am convinced that she is as amiable as she is charming. But, labelled *Josephine*, and thrust upon me with the "none-other-are-genuine" mandate of the author herself, she stifles imagination. And this is just what the heroine of a novel should not do. Pictures used to be bad enough; but there it was always possible to believe that the artist, poor fellow, had been unable to represent Her manifold perfections, even if he had got them right in his mind's eye. But a "photographic study"—no, no, away with it!

An author who has an intimate knowledge of the country and of village life appeals to me so strongly that I am loath to find fault with *MARY J. H. SKRINE's A Stepson of the Soil* (ARNOLD). The tortuous sentence is, however, *Miss SKRINE's* trouble, and one specimen—on page 132—has got completely out of hand. But having made my grumble I can honestly add that much enjoyment is to be obtained from this book. For the most part the story is of humble people, and without an exception the characters of the peasants are admirably drawn. *Phil White*, the heroic waif, both in his hero-worship and his gratitude for kindness, is a lovable child, and for *Jane Dallins* I have a most sympathetic admiration. The smell of the soil must come to any lover of the country who reads of *Phil White*, and, after all, it is as difficult to create a wholesome atmosphere as it is to be a stylist.

A Good Flying Part.

We understand that out of compliment to the intrepid French aviator, the lady who is in the habit of playing the title rôle in *Peter Pan* will in future be billed for the part as *Miss PAULIAN CHASE*.